THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

" Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number
" have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—commencing
" DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

Vol. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1806. [No. 5.

MONITOR.

No. 2.

(Continued from Page 7.)

AMERICA is not a little infested with your PETTY POLITICIANS, who give themselves much credit for their integrity and patriotism; but whose conduct is calculated to impede the operations, and perhaps " stop the wheels " of any regular and efficient government. These are the men of suspicious tempers and narrow views, who refuse to DELEGATE power, lest it should be abused. They bind their rulers and representatives hand and foot, and yet hold them responsible for inefficiency. These are the men described by Hamilton, as confiding to a government " the direction of the most essential national concerns, without daring to trust it with authorities which are indispensable to their proper and efficient management*." The means they would use are ever inadequate to the ends they propose. They dare not carry sail, for fear of oversetting the vessel. In military expeditions, they employ the " least possible force," at the manifest risk of not accomplishing the object of the armament. For public office theyprefer dull tools and creeping minions, lest men of intellect should likewise prove men of intrigue, and defraud the people. Not knowing or not reflecting, that a weak and wrong-headed man generally possesses a bad heart and perverse disposition, they fancy that power is more safely confided to a Jefferson, a Duane, and a Lyon, than to an Ames, a Pinckney, or a Hamilton. Men of this cast are well described by Burke.

" In truth, the tribe of vulgar politicians are the lowest order of our species. There is no trade so vile and mechanical as government in their hands. Virtue is not their habit. They are out of themselves in any course of conduct recommended by conscience and glory. A large, liberal, and prospective view of the interests of states, passes with them for romance; and the principles which recommend it, for the visions of a disordered imagination. The calculators compute them out of their senses."—" Littleness in object and means, to them appears soundness and sobriety. They think there is nothing worth pursuit but what they can handle; which they can measure with a two foot rule; which they can tell on their fingers."

Such are the men who close their eyes at the approach of danger, seal their ears against evil tidings, and pretend to believe all is well.

Such are the men who prefer 'gain to glory,' sloth to security, a hollow truce, supported by tribute, to a war for independence.

Such are the men, who, having wheedled the people into their views, have at length succeeded in seizing the helm of state, originally intrusted with able and experienced navigators:—And, although the sea was smooth and the breeze auspicious, they have thrown the guns overboard to lighten the vessel, have run the ship upon

* Federalist, vol. I. p. 154.

quicksands, beat a hole in her bottom, and struck the flag of our national honour. Already a PIRATICAL enemy heaves in sight, and the tempest of war overshadows the ocean *. What can be done in such a crisis? The crew must either determine on an unconditional surrender of their property, their liberty, and of their lives to a merciless foe, or they must, even at this critical time, choose new officers—away with the old woman who stands at the helm; order certain land lubbers under the hatches; and then right, fit, repair, and if necessary, fight the vessel with all possible expedition.

* ———ponto nox incubat atra.

FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

THE WATCH DOG AND THIEF *.

An allegory, somewhat in the style of Bunyan,

By Dr. CAUSTICK.

An honest watch-dog as a guard,
To keep off two and four legg'd prowlers,
Was station'd in a Farmer's yard—
A most important trust was Jowler's.

And Jowler, when they plac'd him sentry,
Was bid to bark at rogues—and *item*;
When threaten'd by your thieving gentry,
If barking would not do, to bite 'em.

Along one night, as runs the story,
A robber came the house to rob, sir;
But this he could not do before he
Made Jowler partner in the job, sir:—

And ways and means he cast about,
To lure the watch-dog from his station;
For thought he, Jowler, much I doubt,
Is not bomb-proof against temptation.

He then entreated Jowler fair,
Besought him not a growl to utter;
And proffer'd Jowler then and there,
A nice large piece of bread and butter.

"Good Jowler, let me go and plunder,
And you shall never want for prog;
For could I get your master under,
O then you'd be a lucky dog.

"Your master's prone to domination,
And treats you like a tiger, hey-day!
But when I have attain'd his station,
I'll make you lap-dog to my lady."

Now Jowler, though he was a brute,
Was not exactly like a gudgeon;
Was much too honest and acute
To be the dupe of this curmudgeon.

But out he growl'd him this reply,
Tantara!—bow wow! stop thief! stop!
No! I'll be hung if you pass by,
Off, then, sir robber,—please to hop!

For I should swing in spite of fate, or
At least deserve such dire disaster—
Yes, you yourself would dub me traitor,
Should I betray my worthy master.

Faith, I most thoroughly detest you,
Good mister, human nature's dregs;
Then please to march, you midnight pest, you;
March! march! or here's have at your legs!

Thus, reader, oftentimes we see men,
Well typified by this night prowler;
Who'll lord it o'er Columbian freemen,
Unless they prove as firm as Jowler.

The farm-house Jowler had in trust,
In this my simple tale may stand;
For offices of power and trust,
In our Columbia's happy land.

The robber who the house invades,
Means Cheetham, & his half-hung caitiffs;
Duane, and other renegades,
From Europe shipp'd to rob our natives.

For freedom though each rascal raves,
In villainy they're all grown callous;
Would make us slaves t' imported slaves,
Who ran away to *cheat* the gallows.

* *There is a little poem in some of Swift's works, called the "dog and thief;" in which there are some ideas not dissimilar to those here expressed.*

DEMAGOGUE HUNTING.

No. 1.

"True, when I heard thy deep detested name,
A shivering horror crept through all my frame;
A damp cold chill, as if a snake or toad,
Had started unawares across my road."

WE propose to dedicate some of our columns to the service of hunting down certain demagogues, whose political ascendency is ruinous to our country. Before we enter on this pursuit, however, we would premise that we are not about to assail any individual, in consequence of a private or personal pique; and though, in the course of our strictures, we may, perhaps, conceive ourselves obligated to repel some personal abuse with which we have been honoured, by those whose censure is praise, yet we attack them merely because they are enemies to rational liberty, and to our country.

It will, however, be necessary, before we proceed to put in practice our determination, that we should clear away the impediments, which will probably be presented by those who call them-

selves *men* of *candour*; and who are apprehensive that strictures of that nature, will serve no other purpose than that of irritating the mind of the public. To such men I would oppose, again and again, the opinion of the author of the pursuits of literature *, and draw my precedents from the practice of the greatest satyrists, ancient and modern.

With many of our tame lookers on in the political world, it is a popular topic of declamation, that the American newspapers, Federal as well as Democratic, teem with unbounded scurrility.—Indeed, it must be granted, that many epithets, which, if applied to *gentlemen*, or even to persons possessing any claim to *common honesty*, would be abusive, have found their way into Federal newspapers. But we think that the Federal editors are fully justified by the nature of the case originating in the habits, disposition and feelings of their opponents, in attacking them with the bludgeon, instead of merely tickling them with the scourge of satire.

Indeed, I am so far from believing that the Federal editors have, in general, been guilty of scurrility, that I am confident they have not dealt with the unprincipled faction who have *lied down* the followers of Washington, with that severity which is due to their demerits. Instead of launching the thunderbolt, they have let off the popgun, and assailed the mighty mammoth of Democracy with mustard-seed shot.

Some noble attempts, however, have been made, to scourge those pestilent demagogues off the stage of public action, who make mankind their prey, and threaten destruction to civilized society. But here steps in the man of candour—the friend of every body; who is terribly averse to newspaper scurrility; thinks that "black is not so very black;"—that your Cheethams and Duanes, although their actions would cause them to *seem* to be scoundrels, yet their motives may not be so bad as is imagined; and that, like the *honest* thieves, house breakers, adulterers, and assassins of the German drama, they have certain noble traits in their character, which ought to redeem them from the gibbet, and entitle them to the applause of the spectator.

"But, shall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it reason, warring by my side;
For vengeance lifted high the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the distant air;
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
Because insipid candour bars my way?
When she of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live?"

Here comes an unprincipled imported wretch, whose name would disgrace the calendar of Newgate; compared with whom, your Jonathan Wilds, and your pick-pocket Barringtons, were gentlemen of *reputable standing in society*. But he possesses, as Lyon, a good Democrat, said of Duane, likewise a good Democrat, "the distinguishing property to write with severity; to give *falsehood and lies some semblance of truth; and to give truth the appearance of falsehood*."—Forward he comes, ready to engage in any dirty work; sets up his scribbling powers at auction; and like Pasquin and Swaine, proffers his services to the party which will *pay him most*. Some of our stupid American demagogues, who, in defiance of the laws of nature, and the decrees of God, have sworn they *will be great men*, hire the ruffian, just crawling from some sink of corruption in the old world, to pen paragraphs of scandal, and cast filth at all the excellence in the country. The veterans who fought the battles of American Independence, who cemented with their blood the pillars of our society; and to whose exertions in the cabinet and the field we are indebted under God for our existence as an independent nation are publicly denounced as "*liars*," the "*scorn*, the *outcasts* of America;" plun

* *Satire never can have its effect without a personal application. It must come home to the bosoms, and often to the offences of particular men.*

derers of public property;" and "*hoary-headed traitors.*" This, however, causes no emotion in the bosom of your cold hearted man of candour; but instead of encouraging the satirist to nerve his arm, brandish his scourge, and lash the culprit from the political arena; he stuns you with saws relative to the impolicy of provoking even a reptile; tells you if you "tread on a worm, he will turn;" and advises to "leave off contention before it be meddled with." But the truth is, these reptiles are hydras, and though it needs a Hercules to destroy them, yet the attempt is at least worth an experiment, and deserves encouragement from every friend to the country.

Urged by these motives, I propose to present the public a series of numbers, under the head DEMAGOGUE HUNTING, in which I will expose in native deformity some of the principal objects of the idolatrous worship of a dominant faction; and, if the people *will* continue to worship the Dagon of Democracy, they will not only infallibly meet, but richly deserve, the doom of despotism.

CHEETHAM, the *alien* editor of the immaculate "*American* Citizen," in his vile, vile vehicle of Monday last, has honoured me with a column and an half of his Billingsgate abuse. The fellow as Jim Cheetham, hatter, would be deemed beneath the slightest and most contemptuous notice; but as leader of a gang of political culprits, who must be hunted down, or the country ruined, the reptile throws himself athwart my path, and I cannot well avoid setting my foot upon him. It is true I do it with reluctance. No man would wish to meddle with a polecat; but if the dirty animal obtrudes itself into a gentleman's parlour, somebody must *kick it out.* We are sorry that this task devolves on us; but rather than the furniture should be soiled, and the mansion desolated by his venomous effluvia, we will about it.

I will assert, and can prove, that the article in the American Citizen, of the 22d inst. headed Fessenden, contains more *lies* than *paragraphs.* But as the folly of the *major part* of them disarms their malice, I shall regard them with as little attention as I should the empty ravings of an infuriated but imbecile madman:—*Some* of the falsehoods, however, which he has belched out against me, may perhaps be swallowed by his gudgeons, unless I prevent it by their detection.

After a false and blundering sketch of the state of parties in several of the United States, he mounts his mud cart, and splashes away in his native and congenial element.

"He" (Fessenden) has issued four weekly papers: that is to say, he has been actively and industriously employed as an editor *four weeks*, besides two or three months of preparation—and what do we see? What do we see? Why once a week in eight pages octavo, we see seven of selection and one of stupidity."

Now the truth is, that nineteen twentieths of the matter, with the exception of Mr. Randolph's attack on the President, which was considered as too important to be omitted or abridged, consists of original productions written for the Weekly Inspector; and indeed more original matter could not possibly have been inserted, consistently with the plan of the publication, which made it requisite to give an abstract of the latest intelligence. But to Cheetham.

"Fessenden, a sort of a Caliban in form, was born in some nook in the east; I think in Massachusetts."

"A sort of a Caliban in form"—Well cast, Mister Knight of the Horrible Visage!—whose cut-throat countenance is a most abominable caricature of a "death's head with a bone in its mouth," as Shakspeare would say. "I think Massachusetts." Please to "*think*" again. The place of Fessenden's nativity is no secret. He is a *native American* of reputable parentage. Not "ditch delivered by a drab," cradled in a night-cellar, educated over a hatter's tub in England, and qualified by rib-breaking, nocturnal riots, and

hollow professions of patriotism, "to soil white paper by the ream."

"Tired, however," (says Cheetham) "of the Republic, he (Fessenden) went to England as an adventurer, and returned about two years ago, as poor as he went."

Fessenden did not go to England on his own concerns, but as an agent for a respectable company; and need not have been accused of the crime of poverty, could he have prostituted his principles to party purposes, and become the hireling assassin of the dominant faction.

The fellow proceeds in his lying career to state that "Fessenden was furnished with notes on the *points*, which he turned into doggrel rhyme." To be sure I sought and obtained information from various quarters, respecting the subjects treated in that poem. I consulted books, and I conversed with gentlemen. But the plan of the poem was mine, the style was mine, the poetry, excepting perhaps half a dozen stanzas, (which however I modified and altered,) were mine, and the notes, with a few exceptions, were mine *.

"This terrible thing has been strongly and *justly* condemned by some, and spoken favourably of by other London Reviews."

"*A hog in a flower garden!*" Who told Jim Cheetham, hatter, that that production was *justly* condemned? You are as incapable of judging of that poem and its merits, as of writing a dissertation on the Talmud, or an etymological essay on the Sanscrit language.

There are some ignorant fellows who attempt the trade of authorship, in London, as well as in America. A writer in the Critical Review, a Jacobin journal, was so ineffably stupid, that, although he praised the poem, he could not discern the irony, nor whether it was for or against the tractors; and such a wiseacre as Cheetham might "dim his eyes and rack his head" "for ever and for aye," in poring over such a work, and yet be "never the wiser," as respects its merits.

The truth happens to be, that *all* the *respectable* London Reviews commended the performance, with the solitary exception of the Monthly Review, which pronounced it to be the production of a mercenary *Scotchman!*

The next effort of the pitiful malevolence of this miserable scribbler, is of a more atrocious nature. He hammers out a pair of most execrable doggrel lines, and then palms them on the public as mine.

"Mr. Walker did, la!
"With Jefferson play, a,"

says Cheetham, and declares that this couplet occurs in "Democracy Unveiled!" This *forging* nonsense, and attributing it to another person, in order to blast his character as an author, is a species of assassination of which none but a very "dagger man" would have been guilty.

His dastardly attempt to sow dissention among the federal editors of this city, is perfectly in character. But they possess too much integrity and discernment, to suffer the tares scattered by so contemptible an enemy ever to take root in the field of Federalism.

Cheetham fitted—from Shakspeare.

"I have great comfort from the fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast! good fate to his hanging." *Tempest, Act 1st.*

THE TRIBUTE MONEY AGAIN!

Some democratic editors continue to assert, in direct violation of what they know to be truth, that no money has been sent to France—we say, in direct contradiction of what they *know* to be truth; for they have read the act appointing two millions of dollars for the indefinite purposes of foreign intercourse.—They know, that immediately after that act received the President's signature, the United States

* In the Preface to the last American edition, I have expressed myself more at large on this subject.

brig Hornet sailed for France—they have heard Mr. Madison's declaration, that "*France wanted money, and we must give her*"—and they have seen the repeated assertions of Mr. Randolph, that two millions had gone to France. *Charleston Courier.*

POLITICAL.

We regret extremely that our limits preclude us from giving any thing more than an abridged view of "Thoughts and Reflections on the present state of Affairs," published in the Boston Repertory.

We published in our last (see page 30) a cursory sketch of the first number of these admirable productions: the second number now commands our notice.

The writer states in substance, that it is a point conceded by all, that the fall of Great-Britain would involve the United States in distress, and perhaps subject them to the dominion of France. But says it is not believed that Great-Britain will be overpowered in the contest. He says that, at this distance, "we see much of the display of the British power, and very little of their difficulties." That "their wealth to us appears inexhaustible, their people used to taxes, and the Government seems by a singular paradox to possess the energies of both liberty and despotism."

That, on the contrary, France was poor in every thing but soldiers, and that of course they would never be able during a war to create a navy, nor "advance a step towards the empire of the sea."

"We may be right in the premises," continues our author. "We may safely say that Great-Britain in point of wealth, exceeds Sidon and Tyre, Athens, Syracuse, Carthage and Rhodes;" and that her subjects, aware of their danger, will be on the alert, and omit nothing which their power can contribute to security. But still he says: "Invasion is far from impossible;" and maintains, that "volunteers are no defence against a veteran French army. That "men to fight and beat the invading French, must be regular soldiers." That nothing short of two hundred thousand well disciplined soldiers would be sufficient to expel the French, should they effect a landing. That at present they could not muster one fourth part of that number. That the price of an Englishman is double that of a Frenchman, and quadruple that of a Russian. "In this view, nations are disarmed by their prosperity."

After adverting to the enormous expenses to which Great-Britain must of necessity be subjected to preserve her independence, the writer proceeds:

"We have been accustomed to call it tyranny and intolerable oppression to pay a tax on whisky, coaches, snuff, and loaf-sugar. Let it be considered then, how great must be the trial of the patience as well as the patriotism of British subjects, to bear the load." (70 millions per ann.) "We have seen Great-Britain stand for thirteen years like Atlas, with the world on his back." He then shows that it is to be apprehended that this Atlas may sink under his burthen.—That "there are limits to the productiveness of taxes"—that "if taxes should be proposed, which would produce general distress, the collection of them could not be enforced."

From these premises, the writer draws this gloomy, and there is too much reason to apprehend just, conclusion.

"It is, therefore, in the last degree, difficult to conceive how Great-Britain can sustain her independence much longer, either in war or peace." "And if Great-Britain should fall, we could not resist if we would, and we would not if we could. We have neither ships nor troops; our country would be found destitute of means, and our government of spirit."

Indeed, the danger which impends over us this moment, is infinitely more imminent than what threatened in any period of the late war. We have to fight France as a faction, as well as an open enemy. She has an host of partisans in this country, *some of whom are at the head of what little military force*

we possess. We have your Col. Duanes and your Capt. Cheethams, &c. Does not the whole tenor of their conduct give us reason to apprehend that such men would willingly betray us to Bonaparte?

NEWS.

The situation of the United States with regard to foreign nations, is daily becoming more critical. A Spanish and French war is hanging over us, and we shall be obliged to *conquer* or abandon the country we so foolishly *purchased.* A body of 900 Spanish troops have passed the Sabine river, and are stationed near Natchitoches, far within our lines. Gov. Arara, the Spanish commandant, has declared his intention of occupying in the name of his master a large tract of land within our acknowledged boundaries. The United States appear to be in no situation to oppose any obstacle to these encroachments. They possess but few regular troops in that quarter, and no organized militia. It is high time for Mr. Jefferson to issue a proclamation, to apprehend that Mr. Gov. Arara, for he is about to "try to do us harm."

Connecticut. This corner-stone of Federalism, remains unshaken. The efforts of the faction in that State, like the struggles of a drowning man, serve but to sink them still lower. The large and respectable county of Litchfield, which has *witnessed* Osborne's exertions, has not chosen a single democratic representative for the ensuing assembly. Poor Osborne! With more than Sisyphean toil,

"Up the high hill thou heav'dst a huge round stone,"

which has come thundering, and thwacking, and crashing down, and buried thee and thy party beneath its ruins.

The New-York Commercial Advertizer, informs "that every Spanish consul in the United States, has received letters from the King of Spain, stating, that he ENTIRELY APPROVED OF THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT of Mr. YRUJO, and that he confirmed this approbation by reappointing him to exercise his functions as Minister from the Court of Madrid. What a chicken of a thing has the American Eagle become!

Reports of peace in Europe are still in circulation, but nothing certain has transpired. The editor of the New-York Evening Post informs that he has London advices as late as the 5th of August —That Lord Lauderdale was then at Paris, that no dispatches had then been received from his Lordship. The intelligence communicated by Captain Whitney from Bordeaux, that a peace had been concluded, is of a prior date.

A French line of battle ship, L'Impetieux, of 74 guns, after having been totally dismasted in the gale of August 19, lost her guns and received much other damage—was driven on shore at Cape Henry by a British frigate, and destroyed; and some circumstances are stated not much to the credit of the humanity of the British. This ship was one of Willaumez's squadron, in which Jerome was second in command. The Veteran, Jerome's ship, is thought to have foundered in the gale. The Foudroyant, the Admiral's ship, was dismasted, lost her rudder, and left little better than a wreck, by the same storm. The Casard, and Valereuse, frigates of the same squadron, are missing.

Under the head news of this paper, the reader will perceive that a war has already, in effect, commenced between Spain and the United States. That Spain will be aided by the whole force of the French empire that can be spared from European concerns, there can be no doubt. The same power that could so conveniently send an army to St. Domingo, can send a few troops for our annoyance. The 800 Spaniards and their auxiliary Indians, will not probably prove any thing more than a flanking party; and the more populous parts of our territory will, it is to be feared, be attacked by a formidable corps de reserve.

What strange infatuation has crazed our national councils! While the Spaniards were actually encroaching on Louisiana, which we had purchased for the round sum of fifteen millions

our sages must resolve to make another bargain for the Floridas, with the same prospect. Having bought one cargo of tainted fish, they must try their hands at another, which they knew to be of the same quality: but what is to be done? Rely upon that broken reed, the present administration. I fear that it will pierce the hand that it ought to support.—No, I am fully of the opinion expressed by the able editor of the Repertory, that the talents of the country, without regard to office, should be held in requisition. Extraordinary cases, call for extraordinary remedies; when a fire is raging in a populous city, we hold it lawful to demolish buildings for the purpose of arresting its progress; although nothing but the extremity of the case could be pleaded in its justification.

—

The total indifference to the political concerns of our country, shown in the conduct of too many American citizens at this critical period, which demands the exertions of *all*, is to be deprecated. One would suppose that they do not consider themselves as possessing a common interest with their countrymen; but that amid the general wreck, *individuals* will be able to ride out the storm. This conduct reminds one of the anecdote of an honest Hibernian, who, in a tempest at sea, being entreated to lend his assistance in working the ship, replied, with more dignity than wisdom: "Arrah honey! and what care I for the ship, who am nothing but a passenger!"

—

As Spain is said to be backed by France, and disposed to engage with us in the unprofitable contest of trying which can do the other the most harm, is there not some danger that the French ships of war in the Chesapeak may be made use of to levy contributions on our towns in that quarter?

In what manner are the French ships of war in the Chesapeak to be repaired? No individual citizens will be credulous enough to expend money on the faith of bills to France. The probability is, therefore, that the treasury of the United States will be called on for more tribute. Whether any *secret* law has been passed providing for such an occasion, we cannot say.—However that may be, if we should pay the expense of repairs, while the war continues, Great-Britain will be very likely to consider us as taking part in the contest in favour of France. If we refuse, the Frenchmen will in all probability help themselves, unless they have lately changed their character; or unless they should be deterred by the fear of our gun-boat navy. *U. S. Gaz.*

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FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

THE WISH.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in
vallibus amnes;
Fluminae amem sylvasque inglorius.
Virgil. Geor. 2nd. V. 485.

Let me, when twenty winters more,
My raven-locks have frosted o'er,
In some retir'd, romantic place,
The varied map of life retrace.

Midway some woody mountain's side,
Down whose green slope pure streamlets glide;
And wildly in meanders stray,
Far as the eye can trace the way;

There be my lowly cottage plac'd,
With eglantine, and roses grac'd,
While many a fragrant wild-flower greets
My senses, with its hues and sweets.

Thence will I view the chequered scene,
My heart contented, and serene;
Nor wish to distant towns to roam,
But find my comforts all at home.

I'll gaze on many a peeping spire,
Nor feel one rising of desire,
To tempt again my wayward fate,
Or mingle with the gay and great.

And while my garden and my field,
The choicest gifts of nature yield,
Within, let Love and Friendship wait,
And Truth and honour guard the gate.

There, free from noise, and care, and strife,
I'll slide unnoticed out of life;
Calm as the smooth, subsiding wave,
While friendship's tear bedews my grave.

Let no proud tablet speak my birth,
But strew with flow'rs the verdant earth,
When to the tomb by death consign'd;
These best befit an humble mind.

X.

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